



## **Delicious** by **LittlexNightingale**

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**Summary:** Julia Hall stands up to Henry Bowers; Evelyn Mathews tries to bargain for her safety. The only offer she can give is herself.

## 1. irresistible

Disclaimer: I do not profit from this story and all creative rights to the characters belong to their original creator(s). Evelyn Mathews and Julia Hall belong to me.

Please pay attention to the warning tags. This work has adult themes, and mentions various forms of violence - sexual and physical.

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"I am totally fucked."

Evelyn laid uncomfortably over a blank canvas as she painted a mid-50's high school landscape for her school's theatre course. The thick smell of paint wafted across the room; big metal fans circulated the humid afternoon air. As Evelyn removed the sweat from her brow, she smeared a fat bead of white paint across her cheekbone. Her interest was on the piece – *Grease* was set to be preformed 2 weeks before the beginning of summer break – but with her best friend hovering over her, Evelyn was having trouble focusing on wrapping up before science class.

Fifteen-year-old Julia Hall glanced down at her, waiting for a reply. She had skipped gym class, but still wore her one piece uniform. Her sweat band was loose and bobbed around her neck as she tapped her foot in annoyance.

"Evie! I swear; you hear about as well as my grandpa does." Julia rolled her eyes and sighed. "This is important and I need all your attention."

Evelyn knew Julia wouldn't leave her be, not until she was satisfied; the teenager dropped her brush into the cup of water at her side and glanced over her shoulder. "I know I'll regret asking, but what have you done?" Her eyes widened in surprise at the look of sadness on her friend's face.

"I got Henry Bowers an F on the math test. He was cheating and all those rumors he spread about Mr. Draper and I came to a head." Julia crossed her arms beneath her chest. Her eyes were damp with tears.

"I ... I thought he wouldn't know it was me, but fucking Greta Bowie overheard me. I think she may have told him, because Patrick was lookin' for me in gym class."

"But you don't know for sure he found out," Evelyn claimed. She could tell Julia was on the brink of a breakdown; the nervous teen was breathing hard like she had run a marathon.

Julia shook her head to disagree, but she wasn't sure. She had a bad feeling that Greta ratted her out; she hated Julia. But maybe her friend was right. Maybe she was just scared because Henry had a reputation for hurting others; people who crossed him or got him in trouble with the teachers. Her legs stopped trembling, but her heart was still beating like a drum inside her chest.

"Can you walk home with me today?"

"It's important that I finish this." Evelyn gestured with her head at the canvas in front of her. But the frown on her friend's face made her reconsider. She sighed in annoyance and squeezed the bridge of her nose between her fingers. "If it means so much to you, I'll walk you home. But Monday I need to stay over and finish."

Julia smiled and bounced on the toes of her feet. "You have a deal." She kneeled down beside Evelyn and watched her go back to working on the canvas. A gentle laugh spilled from her mouth.

"What's so funny?" Evelyn briefly glanced at her before checking her work. *Did I mess up?* Everything looked decent enough; not her best work. Given the time frame she was asked to paint it, Evelyn thought she was doing fine.

"I'm sorry, Evie. It's just that your appearance is on par with Bozo the Clown; head of tightly curled bright hair and white paint on your face." Julia tried to rub it from her cheek, but it wouldn't come up. "Your lipstick is even smeared."

Evelyn cracked a smile and dropped her brush into the cup of murky water again. She gathered her paints and stood up with a grunt. "Help me clean up, then we can see about getting this paint off my face before class starts." Her friend agreed with a nod.

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Mrs. Peterson gave the class a free period and Evelyn chose to use it to rest her eyes. She sat and listened to the others talk amongst themselves, hiding her face in her arms. Julia chickened out and skipped again, deciding to hide in the bathroom until the end of the day. The weary teen couldn't blame her; they shared the same class with Patrick and Greta.

Evelyn was nodding off when someone slammed their books on the desk top beside her. She lifted her head and glanced at the person in annoyance; Patrick sneered at her. *Speak of the devil*. He sat in the empty seat beside her – Julia's seat – and crossed his legs at the ankle.

"What do I owe the pleasure, Hockstetter?" Evelyn yawned and moved her arms into her lap. She wasn't happy about being woke up.

Patrick licked his chapped lips and looked her over. *Not too bad*. She had red hair; curly and bright. Her legs were thin and long, crossed at the knee. His hands twitched, eager to touch her smooth skin; Henry gave him an order. He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and glanced into her unamused eyes. "Henry is lookin' for your little friend. You see her anywhere?"

Evelyn stopped herself from looking surprised. Greta told Henry after all; she had hoped she wouldn't. Her fingers curled around the hem of her floral dress in anger. She was tempted to tell him off, but she knew better; she'd be on Henry's radar. "I haven't, but I'll be sure to let her know he's looking for her when I do."

"I know she's come to you." Patrick leaned over and placed his hand onto her knee. "She fucked up real bad, sweetheart. Henry will find her and when he does, she'll be in a world full of hurt. Have her come to us and Henry might let her off without cuttin' up her pretty face too bad."

"What's his damage? He's been drilling her all school year; calling her names and spreading rumors about her. She's not going to just walk up and let him fuck with her." Evelyn narrowed her eyes and sneered at the lanky teenager. She flinched as Patrick dug his fingers into her skin.

"Things will be much worse for the little teacher fucker if we have to find her. Henry is going to kill her, you know?"

Evelyn snorted in laughter. "He was caught cheating. It wasn't her fault and even if Julia did tell on him, it's not like he won't get himself caught and fail again." She didn't expect Henry to even pass the grade. *Why is he getting so worked up over this?* Her eyes moved down to her thigh as Patrick rubbed his thumb against her skin. She swatted away his hand and scooted back in her desk.

"Henry won't like that attitude." He snatched up his books and gave Evelyn another bold look. "I'll be seeing you, sweetheart." Patrick left her, moving to the other side of the room – Greta sat watching.

*Fuck! We're totally fucked.* Evelyn tried her best to ignore them; they mocked her loud enough for her to hear. She laid down her head, forcing her eyes closed. The rest of the time seemed to slowly tick by. She had become a target.

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Julia was close to tears; her worse fear had come to light. Henry Bowers and his gang were looking for her. Evelyn helped her get out of school without Henry noticing; his attention seemed to be elsewhere. She convinced her friend to walk her to the milling company – her father worked there. It was closer than her home and Julia feared the 4 bullies would catch up.

"Thank you for this. I just know Henry is probably looking for me." Her arms curled beneath her chest, but Evelyn could tell that she was nervous. Her eyes darted back and forth like she was expecting Henry to pop out of thin air.

"Maybe not," Evelyn tried to assure her. Her hand reached out to touch her shoulder. Julia was trembling with fear. "He's simple minded so maybe he saw someone else and forgot about you."

Julia gently smiled and patted her hand. She knew that her friend was trying to help, but something felt off to her. She allowed Evelyn to lead her down the foot path into Derry square; the town was teeming with people, but no one even spared them a look.

As they reached the Center Street Drug Store, Evelyn saw Greta standing inside near the window. The bratty teenager noticed them and lifted her hand, dragging her finger across her neck as they passed. Evelyn grabbed Julia by the hand and pulled her along. Something wasn't right.

"Hello ladies," the voice of Patrick called out to them. He came out of the alley beside the store. In his hand, Patrick held a can of cheap hairspray. He walked up to them and slid between them, tossing his arms around each of their shoulders. His nose pressed against Evelyn's hair as he took in her scent – *Christian Dior's Poison*. He sucked in his bottom lip and laughed as she tried to push him away. "If you like this, you're goin' to love what's waiting around the corner." Patrick ushered them forward; no one stopped to help.

Evelyn noticed her friend give her a look of sheer terror. *Should we try to run?* She knew that they shouldn't. Patrick was much faster than them; she saw him chase down students much faster than her. And even if she did manage to escape, Julia might not. She was Henry's target; he didn't want Evelyn anyway. She shook her head in disagreement and allowed Patrick to lead them into the alley. As expected, he brought them right to Henry.

Julia began to panic upon seeing him. She tried to push against Patrick, but the lanky teen had a grip on her. "Please no. Henry I'm sorry." She let out a squeal of fright as Belch Huggins pulled her towards him, holding her in place. "I – I swear I wasn't thinking." Her eyes were damp with tears.

"Cut her, Henry. Make an example of the little bitch." Patrick slipped his arm around Evelyn's chest as she struggled. The aerosol can laid against her breasts. It was a warning.

Henry sneered at him, ordering him to shut up. He dug into his pocket and took out his pocket knife, extending the blade. The frightened girl shook her head and begged him not to hurt her; Henry just laughed. "Funny, you didn't look so scared runnin' your damn mouth to that teacher. I failed that fuckin' test because of you; that's stepping on my damn toes."

"P-Please Henry. I won't do it again." Julia backed into Belch wanting

desperately to be away from the mullet haired teen.

"Oh p-please – shut the fuck up. I don't care about your excuses. The boys say to cut you; might teach you a lesson. But I want you to remember this." Henry brought his knife up to her face and traced the blade around her lips. "Open your mouth. I'm going to cut out your tongue."

Julia widened her scared eyes and shoved her elbow against Belch, inciting a groan of discomfort from him. She struggled in his grip, but Henry had Victor grab her from the side. Her heart was pounding against her chest; she didn't want to die.

"She said sorry, Bowers. Can't you let this one go?" Evelyn bit down on her tongue. She didn't want to turn his attention over to her, but she couldn't take much more of his mocking.

The mullet haired teen lashed out like a snake. He turned and pointed his knife at her; his narrowed eyes stared right through her. "Shut that bitch up. When I'm done with this one, I'll take care of her too." His knife pointed between the 2 of them.

Evelyn was jerked back. She groaned in pain, feeling the cold sting of the aerosol can against her collar bone. The warm breath on her neck brought goosepimples to her skin as Patrick laughed and nudged his crotch against her back.

"Told ya she's a mouthy one," he replied. Patrick brought his mouth to her ear and blew into it. He smiled as Evelyn shivered against him. "Didn't I warn you, sweetheart?"

Evelyn brought her head back and hit him in the face. She hissed in pain as the can slammed into her chin. Her slender body was pushed onto the ground once Patrick recovered, kneading his sore nose. The young girl tried to sit up, but Patrick stepped on her back and kept her down.

"The fuck are you doing, Hockstetter?" Henry was livid. He leered at them.

Victor shook his head and smiled. "Can't even hold down one girl,



Pat." Belch laughed at him.

"She's feisty," Patrick commented. He leaned down and pulled Evelyn into his arms, keeping her against his chest. "I like it."

Henry cracked a smile, but narrowed his eyes as he glanced at the blonde haired girl in front of him. He wasn't going to tell her again; his fingers dug into her skin and forced her mouth open. She cried out in fear, but he shut her up once the blade of his knife slid passed her lips. Henry tapped it against her teeth, smiling as she went stiff.

Fear grew in Evelyn's heart; she had no reason to hide it. Henry would do it – the students he tortured and mocked were a certainty to the kind of darkness that was inside him. Her mind was racing, trying to come up with some kind of idea on how to keep him from mutilating her friend. Every path lead to blood; one of them was going to get hurt. Evelyn would rather it be herself – Julia and her family had already done so much for her. She made up her mind and cleared her throat. "Let it be me; cut out my tongue if you have to. Leave her alone and make an example out of me." Evelyn figured it would work. Julia would no doubt feel guilty for it.

Henry turned to her and widened his eyes. He saw Belch give him a look of uncertainty, shrugging his wide shoulders. The idea sounded legit, but he was no idiot. He knew the red haired teen was trying to keep her friend from being hurt, but he never had someone volunteer to take the punishment for someone else. Henry was tickled by her offer, but he'd rather not give her what she wanted; he was the one in control. Instead, he put pressure on the knife. Julia cried out in pain.

"Stop it," Evelyn shouted. She struggled against Patrick's grip. Her dress sleeve tore in the process, revealing her plain colored bra to them. But she didn't care. "Don't hurt her, ya pussy. That's right, I'm calling you out. Fuck you, Bowers." Tears blurred her vision and her face burned in embarrassment. *Listen to me, idiot.* She continued to cuss him until the sound of a police siren drowned out her screams.

"The hell are you doing, boy?" The stern voice of Butch Bowers called to them over the noise. Seconds later, he turned off the siren – his cruiser was parked at the mouth of the alley. He walked down the length of it and pulled his glasses off, gaging the scene. "The hell is

going on here?" His glare turned to Henry.

The scared teen flinched and pulled his knife from Julia's mouth, staring down at the dirty asphalt beneath his boots. His fingers grew loose and he dropped the switchblade on the ground. "Nothing. We were just – "

"What was that?" Butch interrupted his son and moved over to him. He glanced at Julia who was in tears and tilted his head to her; Victor and Belch let her go.

Henry's hand shook as he raised his head. "Nothing, sir. The guys and I were just hanging out with some girls from our class." His voice was just as quiet as he spoke.

"Is that so?" Butch motioned for Evelyn to join them, urging her forward with his finger. She stood, knocking Patrick away from her as she covered up her chest. Her unsteady legs brought her over to him. Butch pointed at his son. "You know him?"

Evelyn nodded her head; she thought about ratting him out, but she knew it would lead Henry to hurt both her and Julia. Said girl was too shook up to answer him. "Yes sir. We share a few classes together. Thought we'd hang out with them before headin' home." She flinched as Butch turned her head, looking her over.

"You Frank's daughter? I've seen you at the milling company a few times."

"No sir, but Julia is." Evelyn opted not to mention that she lived with them; her father was close friends with the Hall family.

Butch laughed and slipped his glasses back over his eyes. "That dumb bastard owes me some material; barns been falling apart. I was headin' over there, so I'll give ya both a ride. Go on and get in the car." His smile faded as he looked at his son. He reached out and grabbed his shoulder, jerking him forward. "I want you home before I get there. You got chores to do."

"Yes sir," Henry mumbled. His eyes narrowed as he met gazes with Evelyn. She hugged her friend to her side and lead her to the police

cruiser. He was far from done with them. His father released him and followed behind them. The boys stayed silent, even Patrick – he waved at them.

Tomorrow was Saturday, but he'd get them when Monday rolled around. They couldn't hide from him at school.

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AN: I apologize for there not being enough Henry x OC in the first part, but I wanted to set the mood for the piece before jumping in head first. Almost seems a little like Patrick x OC but it's not.

## 2. Bittersweet

Evelyn woke up on Saturday morning to the sound of a hammer on nails. She hauled her tired body from the bed and moved over to the window. Frank was awake, working on the shed – he promised his wife Annie he'd fix the door months ago. Evelyn remembered him being exhausted after yesterday's fiasco; he spent the afternoon drilling his daughter and her friend about what happened in town. The red haired teen did all the talking, urging Julia to follow her lead. She lied about the altercation – Butch didn't mention it so neither did she. The patient man was red in the face, begging them to expose Henry in front of Butch, but Evelyn admitted to nothing. She went to bed that night, questioning her reason for covering for him. All she could think of was that she wanted to protect Julia; fuck Henry.

Evelyn leaned her face against the window, admiring how her warm breath easily fogged up the glass. She thought about going back to bed – she had nothing planned for the day – but she was restless. Her mind was awake; she was curious about what the day had instore. Evelyn decided to get dressed and check up on Julia. She traded her gown for a pair of jean shorts and a loose fitting top; in the event that Frank needed her help. Her bare feet thumped against the floor as she crossed into the hallway. Julia's bedroom door was open a few inches, so Evelyn decided not to knock and moved inside.

Julia wasn't in her room. Her closet was wide open and clothes were thrown across the floor like she left in a hurry. Evelyn wondered where she had gone and hoped that she didn't go alone. She hurried out of the room and paced down the steps, moving into the kitchen. Annie wasn't even home. Evelyn snorted in annoyance and slipped on her shoes, opting not to wear socks. She knew that Frank would know where Julia had went; if Annie went with her or not.

Frank was singing loudly to himself as Evelyn approached the shed. She waved at him once he noticed her and waited until he climbed down the ladder to wave back at her. Evelyn noticed that he had a pocket full of nails and offered to help, but Frank turned her down.

"I'll be done shortly," he told her. Frank went over the work bench

and grabbed a glass of lemonade Annie made for him – the ice was melted but he was very thirsty.

Evelyn moved some tools around and leaned against the side. "It's about time you got to work on this." She pointed up to the door, opting not to mention he used the wrong nails; the boards above the door wouldn't last the first storm.

"Annie was on my butt about it; argued that the push mower was lookin' shoddy in the front yard." Frank put the glass down and wiped away the sweat from his brow. He glanced at the red haired teen and noticed the curious look on her face. "I bet yer lookin' for Jules. She and Annie went to the store."

Evelyn nodded in understanding. She had hoped Annie would go with her; the Bower's Gang might be out. "I wish she would have woke me."

"Actually ... I asked her not too. I needed to ask a favor of you so I let cha' sleep a little longer."

"What kind of favor?" Evelyn tilted her head and frowned. Something about the cautious way Frank mentioned it had her mind reeling.

"The items Butch ordered for his barn came in this morning." Frank cleared his throat. "I told him I'd drop them by his place today, but I need some help luggin' it all over there."

Evelyn set her lips into a frown. She remembered overhearing the conversation between Frank and Butch at the milling company – the officer mentioned it once before in the alley. From how it sounded, Butch was mad at how long it was taking to get in the boards and paint. He told Frank the he would refuse to pay the cost for the supplies if he didn't deliver them by the next day. Evelyn sighed in annoyance; she wanted to say no, but she didn't want to upset Frank. She nodded her head and turned her attention to the ground below her feet.

Frank leaned forward and grabbed her arm; she glanced at him. "Thank you for this, Eve. I'd ask Jules, but after yesterday I don't want her anywhere near Butch or his son. It's no surprise that he

allows Henry to run wild and for whatever reason he's got his eyes set on her." He smiled reassuringly at her. "I know that with you I have nothing to worry about. Hell, I'm willing to bet you could take Henry in a fight."

"You sound so sure." Evelyn faked a smile. She pulled herself off the work table and moved towards the house. "I'll finish getting ready, then we can go." As she walked away her smile faded to a frown. Her only hope was that she wouldn't have to deal with Henry. She wasn't sure that she'd be able to keep Julia safe with him after her.

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During the afternoon, Frank pulled his pick up into the lot at the Bower's residence. Evelyn got out of the truck and followed him up to front door. Her heart was beating against her chest and her clothes were sticking to her skin. It was hot; worse than it had been all day. She waved herself with her hand and waited at the bottom of the steps as Frank knocked on the door.

"Ya home Butch? Eve and I brought the supplies ya ordered." He knocked again, opening his mouth to yell again. However the door opened before he could and Butch stepped out on the porch with a huff.

"I hear you, damn it." Butch shaded his eyes from the sun and sneered at the other male. His eyes drifted over to Evelyn and he let out a grunt of irritation. "Why'd you bring the girl? She gonna be any use?"

Evelyn snorted in annoyance. But Frank covered for her by laughing. "You bet. Eve can help us carry the supplies." The teen rolled her eyes at him; he was such a pain sometimes.

"Whatever you say, ya old bastard. Give me a second." Butch leaned back into the house and tilted his head back. "Boy! Get the hell down here and help us out. And bring 2 beers with ya."

The heart in Evelyn's chest skipped a beat. Henry was home. She took a look around and was thankful to see that the Trans-Am was not parked nearby. Still, she somehow knew he'd be home. Evelyn hid behind Frank as the mullet haired teen appeared in the doorway, handing over 2 beer cans to his father. She hoped to hell that he

wouldn't notice her.

Butch tossed a can to Frank and shot a look to his son. "Go ahead and start unloading the boards from the truck. Drop any of them and I'll tan your hide." He knocked Henry in the head as he passed, stomping down the small set of steps that lead into the yard. Butch noticed Evelyn hiding behind Frank and shook his head. "Take the girl with you and have her help. Might as well use her since she's here."

Henry was baffled and turned to see Evelyn leaning as close as she could to the balding man sipping on his beer. Her hands were balled into a fist; fingers turning white. A second passed between them where Henry swore he saw her eyes look him over, but just as quickly she turned and looked away. He grinned and headed towards the truck; Evelyn followed slowly.

Once they got there, Evelyn opened up the truck bed and crawled into the back. Henry stared at her ass and legs as she moved the smaller tools to the back of the truck bed. An image of him rutting into her from behind crossed his mind and he flicked his tongue over his chapped lips; she didn't look half bad on her hands and knees. He glanced towards the front porch to see his father and the old man had gone inside – probably to drink. Evelyn was left to his mercy.

The red haired teen pushed a box of nails to the edge of the tail gate and jumped out of the truck. She hugged the box, watching as Henry grabbed some of the smaller planks and lifted them onto his shoulder. His biceps flexed and Evelyn stared in surprise; Henry looked nice in his olive colored cut off.

"The hell are you staring at?"

Evelyn's body went cold; her eyes widened. *Did I seriously just let him catch me staring at him?* She cleared her throat and pointed with her finger towards the old barn in the backdrop. "That it? You lead and I'll follow." Her face burned in embarrassment.

"So you can stare at my ass?" Henry sneered at her, tickled by her sudden lecherous glare. He wondered what other expressions she'd make; the noises he could lure out of her. "All you had to do was ask if you wanted a show, baby." His free hand reached down to grab the

crotch of his jeans.

*For fuck's sake.* Evelyn rolled her eyes and set off towards the barn. The faster they unloaded the truck the sooner she could leave. She propped open the door with her knee and slid in, coming to an abrupt stop once she saw the condition of the interior. It was a mess; dry hay stacks were stacked on top of one another and shattered bottles littered the floor. Evelyn had no idea where to sit the box and moved aside for Henry to enter, following his example as he propped the boards against the wall. She went to move; resolution in mind, but Henry caught her arm and yanked her back around.

"The fuck, Bowers." Evelyn winced at the unintentional Indian burn he gave her.

"Don't think I forgot about yesterday, bitch. When I catch her, I'm going to do a lot more than cut out her tongue." Henry brought Evelyn closer; near enough that he could smell the grape gum scent of her perfume. His mouth watered for a taste. However, the deep seated hate in her hazel eyes kept him from leaning in. He expected fear; expected tears. But she gave him none of those things. *The fuck is wrong with this broad?* Patrick said she was feisty, but Henry didn't realize how much.

Evelyn was able to control her body from shaking. She was scared for Julia; nothing she could do would stop Henry from hurting her. But she had to try. "I won't let you touch her again. Even if you break me, I'll stop you."

"The hell are you gonna do about it?" Henry was pushing her; he could see it in her eyes. She wasn't fearless, Evelyn was only pretending to be. Her gaze dropped, shifting to the floor. Henry couldn't stop the laugh that tore from his throat.

The conflicted teen thought about it. What could she do? Henry was a force to be reckoned with; she couldn't fight him off. Begging would only spur him on. But one thought crossed her mind. "Let me make you an offer, in exchange for Julia's safety." Evelyn thought she might get sick. Her stomach churned as she looked into Henry's eyes, giving him a desperate pout.



Henry took the bait, curious about her expression. He had only ever seen Greta make it when she needed something from him. "What kind of offer?" His mouth felt dry.

"Myself."

Henry nearly groaned; his body hummed in arousal. He stared at her lips as they opened, looking so kissable. A relaxed sigh left his mouth as she gently raked her fingernails down his upper arm. She wanted him; his heart pounded against his chest. But, he wanted more from her. His lips pulled up into a smirk. "Like I haven't heard that before." He hadn't, but he wasn't about to tell her that. "What makes you so special? You're no different than all the other bitches I've had."

"You mean Greta Bowie and her friends?" Evelyn felt Henry squeeze her arm as a warning. She was treading on thin ice; she needed to be careful. Leaning forward she set her cheek against his and blew gently into his ear. "Having the same old thing can be so boring. Face it, Greta is about as exciting as watching paint dry. I bet she doesn't even care if you get off. Why not want something new."

The curious teen snorted; she had no idea. Greta knew how to fuck – she could suck dick like a porn star – but of course her skills beyond sex were just as boring as Evelyn had described. There was no spice and undeniably no way Henry was going to listen to her whine about her life because she thought he cared. He just wanted to fuck; vanilla or not, he wanted to put his prick into something. The red head in front of him with lips so unbelievably sexy had no idea how damaged he was – being raised by an abusive father made him shut out the feelings of others. If Evelyn wanted to have sex with him for favors, she'd need to keep up with his pace. Henry decided that she'd have to prove how eager she was to be his. "I'll bite, toots." He buried his calloused fingers into her curly hair and yanked her head back, exposing her neck to him. Her scent was driving him crazy. "You so eager to whore yourself out to me? I'm warnin' ya, I don't play nice."

"I've heard," Evelyn clarified. "But, I wouldn't make the offer if I couldn't handle it. Whatever conditions you have, I'm all ears."

Henry hummed in thought. *Whatever I want.* He had never fucked a girl who gave him free reign. Honestly, he didn't know what to say. A

smile pulled at his lips; his eyes shifted over Evelyn's smooth and pale skin. "You're mine until I'm done with you. The rest I'll make up as I go."

Evelyn nodded the best she could. "Deal, but on the pretense that you forgot about Julia getting you that F. I'll be yours, but you have to promise to stay away from her; ignore her existence if you want, but please keep the guys off her."

"Whatever," Henry snapped. His grip tightened, luring a pained cry from her throat. He wanted her so bad, but he wasn't fully convinced she wanted him. She just stood there like a fucking deer caught in the headlights. "The hell are you waitin' for? Make me want you."

"Let go of me. How am I suppose to do anything with my head in a vice grip?" Evelyn visibly relaxed as Henry released her hair. She knew he'd be intolerable to deal with; not many of the girls he fucked were rumored to come back for round 2. Evelyn was certain Henry had never even been in a relationship before. *Make me want you.* She rolled her eyes. Since when did he turn down sex? Taking an unsteady breath she lifted her hands and placed them flat down on Henry's chest. He immediately tensed up and she smiled. "Relax; I'm gonna take care of you." Had he never been touched so intimately before?

Evelyn was pissing him off. She obviously wasn't listening when he said no to playing nice. Henry wanted it raw; the touchy shit she was doing honestly wanted to make him tell her to fuck off. However, when she moved behind him and began kissing his neck; threading her thin fingers through his hair, Henry lost his breath. Her lips were warm and felt so nice against his skin. He nearly moaned, but he did flinch as her chest pressed against his back; the fresh bruises left on him were a reminder that her bitch friend got him beat the night before. Henry hissed at her to stop and she did. Her hand on his shoulder moved further south until she was palming his dick through the front of his jeans. His blood was boiling, making him grow hard beneath her fingers.

"Turn around," Evelyn instructed. She moved away from Henry and slid her fingers to the front of her shorts, unfastening the stud and zipper.

Henry turned and watched her slide her shorts to her ankles, shimmying her hips as pulled them off. Her panties were silk and red with a tiny bow at the top. "Classic slut." He liked them.

Evelyn smiled; classic asshole. "They belong to a matching set." She moved cautiously across the expanse of the barn and sat on the edge of a hay stack, pulling her legs apart. "But if you don't like them, you can always take them off me."

*Selling it, aren't ya?* Henry palmed the bulge in his jeans and hastily ambled over to her. When he was close, she reached out and grabbed his belt loops, pulling him between her thighs. Henry felt her grind her pussy on him and watched her bite her bottom lip.

Evelyn hummed in arousal and glanced up at Henry with a tilt of her head. "What are you waitin' for?" A coy smile pulled at her lips as the mullet haired teen glared at her. She was jerked up, leaning against Henry's chest as he pressed his chapped lips onto hers. For a moment, Evelyn was dazed. A shiver ran down her spine. She eagerly opened her mouth when prompted to and moaned when he forced his tongue in.

They licked and sucked at one another, sharing their breath – Henry tasted like cigarettes and gum. He wasn't supposed to feel so good against her, but he did. Like they were, Evelyn nearly forgot Henry was a bully. She nearly forgot he was planning to maim her friend. All she wanted was for him to fuck her; force every bit of his anger onto her. Evelyn caught his hand in her hair and brought it to the front of her panties. She was relieved to see that he caught on and pouted as Henry pushed his thumb roughly against her clit. He rubbed in small, quick circles enjoying the soft pants that escaped her lips.

"You like this, slut?" He did; his prick was hard and pressing against his jeans in an uncomfortable manner. The red head uttered a quiet reply and bucked her hips against his hand. Henry could feel the fabric of Evelyn's panties dampen with every thrust of his calloused appendage. He wanted to be in her, but she wasn't quite ready for his dick yet – he didn't want to hurt himself trying to thrust into her unprepared cunt. Henry coiled his fingers around the edge of her panties and moved them aside, sinking into her up to his knuckle.

"You're fuckin' wet. " *And tight.*

Evelyn panted; currents of pleasure tearing through her body. There was some pain, a burning sting in her walls, but it felt enjoyable. She buried her heels into the dry hay and arched her back. Henry wasn't gentle with her, thrusting fast into her warm cunt. The lewd sounds she heard made her face heat up in embarrassment. *The hell is wrong with me?* Her body acted like it had never been fingered before. She was nervous to image herself being filled with him; Henry would tear her apart.

"Easy," the girl huffed. She wouldn't last as long the rate he was going. Her eyes locked with his, catching him roll his own. He infuriated her. Evelyn barely was able to push him back and moved herself onto the floor of the barn, sitting up on her knees.

"The fuck are –" *Oh!* Henry realized what Evelyn was going when she reached for the silver stud on his jeans, pulling it apart and yanking down the zipper. He watched in amazement as she yanked down his pants and briefs in one go. Her eyes widened a little as she glanced at his dick, clueless expression on her face that brought a laugh out of Henry. "What? Can't handle it?"

Evelyn glared at him, coating her lips in saliva. "I've had bigger." He was going to require a lot of spit.

"Then you shouldn't have any problem takin' it all." Henry curled his fingers in her hair and pulled her forward, nearly smacking her in the face with it. Her comment didn't even weigh on him; she was a liar.

The red head leaned forward and slid out her tongue, giving his shaft a slow, long lick. The guy from her last fuck liked to be teased, so she hoped Henry wouldn't mind the time she was taking to prepare herself. She brought her lips together and kissed him. A grunt from him nearly made her pull back, but once his fingers pulled her close she knew he'd liked it. Evelyn kissed again and brought out her tongue to lick a trail up to the engorged head of his prick. She sucked gently at the tip and pulled back with a loud pop.

"Fuckin' bitch. Just suck it already." Henry couldn't endure the teasing. He was already close to tapping out; he wouldn't last if she

kept up with whatever she was doing. His eyelids squeezed shut and his jaw clinched. She was going to suffer for playing around with him.

*Can't handle it?* Evelyn held back a laugh. She slid the head of his dick passed her lips and took in as much as she could. Her mouth watered at the sudden intrusion and she did her best to control her gag reflex, since he was at the back of her throat. *He's a little bigger than I thought. Go figure.* Evelyn rolled her eyes and began to bob her head, moving up to the tip and back down again. Each time she tried to take in more of him, she choked. Her eyes filled with tears as she stopped to catch her breath.

Henry didn't allow her too long to rest. He buried his fingers into her hair and crammed himself back into her mouth. She groaned in discomfort, but he didn't care. The sandy haired teen fucked her face, moaning at the current of pleasure it gave him. Her fingernails tore into his thighs, adding to the enjoyment it gave him. She was running out of air; he could tell from the pleading look her moist eyes gave him. He'd be generous, but not the next time. Henry let her go.

Evelyn tore away from him and coughed. It was hard to breathe with his prick at the back of her throat. She wiped away the dribbles of spit that had escaped her mouth and glared up at him, eager to tell him to go fuck himself, but her voice caught in her throat. Her tear stained eyes widened; Henry was jerking himself off in front of her. *Damn that's hot.* She stared for a few minutes, watching his eyes roll back as he panted. Her body hummed in arousal. Evelyn leaned forward and slid her mouth over him again, swallowing his decent tasting pre cum as it leaked from the tip of his dick.

Henry bucked his hips and moved his fingers to the back of Evelyn's head, allowing her to go at her own pace. He was so close; his body was on fire. As the buzz of his orgasm intensified, he shoved himself into the back of her throat and came hard, spurting his seed into her mouth. A soft pant escaped his lips as he pulled out and stared down at her. *Not bad.*

*For fuck's sake.* Evelyn spat out the foul taste onto the barn floor and wiped her mouth on her shirt sleeve. Her jaw was sore; numb. She watched Henry redress and stood to do the same. Once she was back

in her shorts, she felt Henry grab her arm and yanked her into him. His arm slid around her waist.

"You have a deal."

A weight was taken off her shoulders. For Julia she'd do anything. How bad could it be; Henry was attractive. A smile pulled at her lips as she took a deep breath. "Thank you."